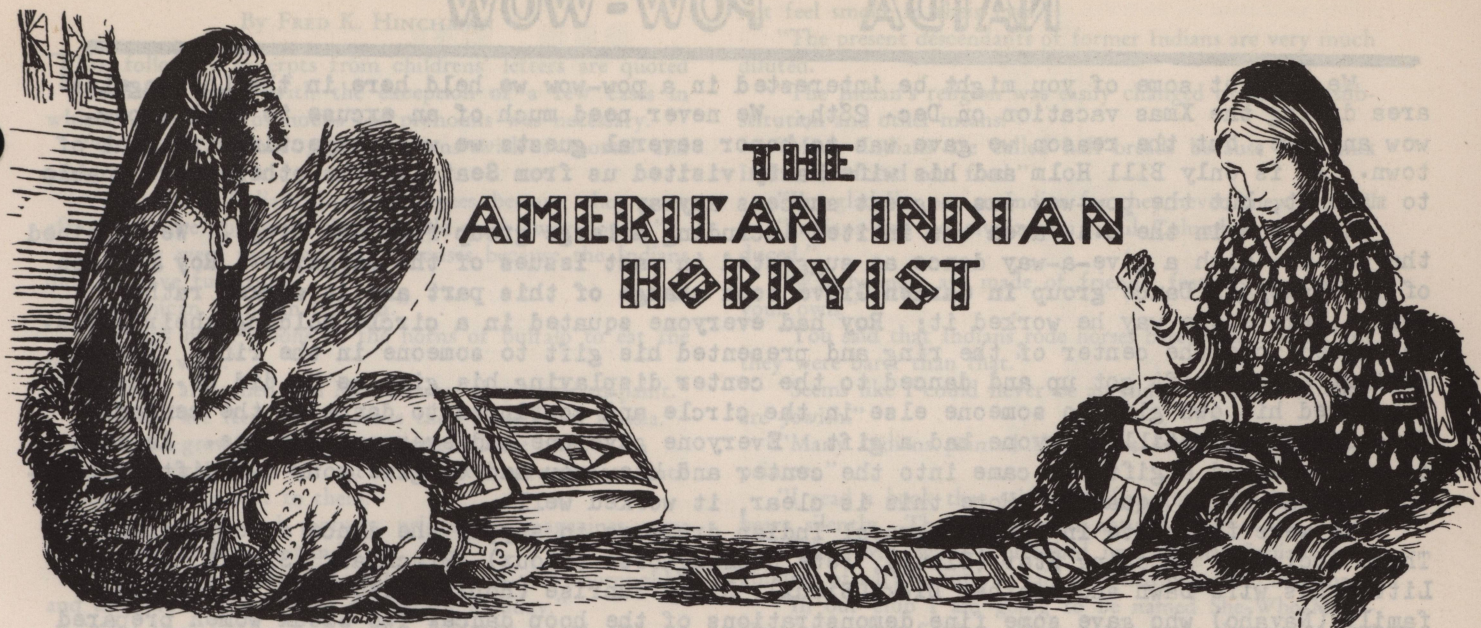




THE AMERICAN INDIAN HOBBYIST

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NAIDA POW-WOW

We thought some of you might be interested in a pow-wow we held here in the Los Angeles area during the Xmas vacation on Dec. 28th. We never need much of an excuse to hold a pow-wow anytime, but the reason we gave was to honor several guests we were expecting from out of town. As is only Bill Holm and his wife Marty visited us from Seattle, the others were unable to make it, but the pow-wow was a great success anyway.

Everyone in the L.A. area was invited including a large group from San Diego. We combined the pow-wow with a give-a-way dance as suggested in past issues of the magazine. Roy Johnson of the Wawoyaka Dance group in Garden Grove took charge of this part and it worked rather well. Here's the way he worked it: Roy had everyone squated in a circle holding their gifts. He danced into the center of the ring and presented his gift to someone in the ring. The recipient of the gift got up and danced to the center displaying his gift as he did so. He then presented his own gift to someone else in the circle and continued to dance in the center. This continued untill everyone had a gift. Everyone gave one and everyone got one. As soon as you received a gift you came into the center and knew you had to give your own gift to someone who was still squated. Hope this is clear, it worked well.

We were fortunate in having several Indian drummers to supply the dance accompaniment. These included; Shooting Star (Sioux), Pete Lookinghorse (Sioux), BlackHawk (Sioux), Eddie Little his wife Dawn and brother Dick (Sioux), Riley Sunrise (Hopi), also Fred Draper and family (Navaho) who gave some fine demonstrations of the hoop dance. Two Sioux women prepared the refreshments of Fry Bread and Indian style Corn soup.

The pow-wow was sponsored by a new group in the area called NAIDA for North American Indian Dance Association. With the help of Bill Holm they finished the painted backdrop (Mawitl) just in time for the occasion. The highlight of the entire event was definitely the demonstration of North West Coast dances by Bill and Marty Holm. They performed a Salish Guardian Spirit Dance (as described elsewhere in this issue), a Changing Mask Dance and a Chiefs Dance. The rest of the pow-wow consisted of dances of the pow-wow type which lasted untill past midnight. All in all it was a great success and the NAIDA group is thinking of making it an annual event.



The photo above shows Bill Holm standing in front of the NAIDA Mawitl about to announce one of his dances. The photo was taken by Don McQuade.

MISINFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN

By FRED K. HINCHMAN

THE following excerpts from childrens' letters are quoted word for word, with the exception of a few cases in which substitution of nouns for pronouns was necessary.

"California Indians ground acorns with a mortal and pistol."

"The Plains Indians lived in tepees because they were afraid that the Mississippi River would wash away houses."

"Tepees were used instead of houses because the Indians did not have furniture."

"Pemmican is Indian bologna."

"Indians made spoons of the horns of buffalo to eat the rest of him with."

"Indians are called Red Men because they used red paint."

"Indians are Red Men because they came from Russia."

"Indians grew feathers for ceremonial use only."

"The poor Indians did not know they were savages until missionaries were sent to them."

"Indians who had pictures printed in magazines were named Lo-The-Poor-Indian."

"The Southwest Museum deals in Indians very thoroughly, and they are on show every day except Monday."

"God likes Indians better than White People for he did not make them work."

"Indians were prohibitionists until White settlers made them stop."

"There are two kinds of Indian languages called Trade and Barter."

"So they could get groceries the Indians sold buffalo pills. These they made from the hides."

"Although Abraham Lincoln emanated the Negros he forgot the Indians."

"Some Indians were Masons and they were called Noble Red Men."

"The primary Indians were more nobler, but they were not nobler enough to have kings and princes."

"It is just bunk to call Pocahontas a princess for she married a Englishman and so was a foreigner."

"Mohawks were named that for they were the best hawk-hunters."

"The Navaho Indians live in hog pens [*bogáns*] with an east door to let in light and air."

"Indians are a very interesting study for we know all about them and do not have to work hard."

"Indian babies in cradles had no rockers like our do."

"The Pueblo Indians have been Catholics a long time for in 1680 their pope expelled the Spaniards."*

"Indians did not put pockets in their clothes because there was nothing to carry in them."

"The children had lots of fun and nobody washed them."

"Indians never told time for there wasn't anything to be late to."

"The Indians are now suffering from a depression of buffaloes and war-paths."

"Reservations are places to be kept for future use. They do not like reservations for they are reserved enough themselves."

"Papa has a blanket that the Apache Indians made of their own hair after all of the goats died."

"Indians were great fighters for they had no religion."

"The Indians of Los Angeles County were called Gabby Lenas [*Gabrielinos*], but I do not know why. They lived in wickihuts and ate oatmeal made of acorns."

"Every Indian spoke the sign language."

"Painted tepees were just the same as bill-boards."

"Indians did not have to invent chimneys for they could not feel smoke in their eyes."

"The present descendants of former Indians are very much diluted."

"The Indian's religion was easily changed to ours by substitution and other means."

"Many Indians are called half-breads because they mix Indian food and our food."

"I'm glad I'm not an Indian for they never knew much."

"Indians had no civilization until Columbus was introduced."

"War bonnets are made of friends' feathers and one of your own."

"You said that Indians rode horses bare-back, but I think they were barer than that."

"Seems like I could never be an Indian for none of them are Jewish."

"Many Indians painted themselves and others were sand painters."

"I read a book that said an Indian girl loved her sweetheart silently. That don't seem natural."

"When Mr. W—— preached he said that Indians were children of nature, but you said they had papas and mammas."

"In our club I am going to be named She-Who-Meets-The-Other-Girls-Smiling. Please send me a real pretty symbol that means this. I have to weave it in a headband."

"Acorns, and nuts, and seeds of oak trees were the three most used foods in California before the coming of the Spanish."

"Navajo Indians eat fish only when they want to get even with an enemy."

"Zuni is in Mexico. There is where they dance a Calico [*Shálako*] Dance at night on stilts."

"Only men are introduced in Pueblo councils. It is not polite to introduce Indian women."

"Indians are very fond of trees and all other animals. They only ate what they could hold, which was a lot."

"The most interesting thing I learned at the Southwest Museum is that your Handbook does not teach people to tell fortunes."

"Indians never fell out of bed because they had none."

"Hopi Indians live on high mesas where it is their custom to be born and die."

"The Indians were hunters and fishers, but they had no spades to dig worms."

"Fire-water is the Indian word that means hooch."

"Indians often traded, but they did not know how to borrow cause they had no neighbors."

"The part I liked best about the Southwest Museum when we were there was going down the Hopi Trail. That was fun."

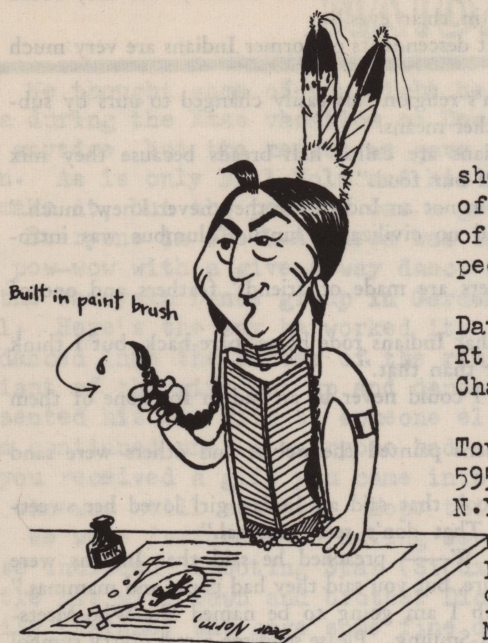
"The future of the American Indian is not known, but it is supposed that he will be absolved by the White Man."

Wakash—When Captain Cook heard the word *waukash*, meaning 'good', at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, British Columbia, he believed it to be the name of the Nootka Indian tribe residing there. Later Powell, on the basis of priority in usage, adopted the term to designate the Wakashan linguistic family, which consists of the Nootka and Kwakiutl in British Columbia, and the Makah in Washington.

Boju!—From their contact with the French in colonial times, several Algonquian tribes adopted the salutation *bon jour!* in the form *boju!* and it has continued to be the salutation in several Algonquian dialects.

* This refers to Popé, a Pueblo Indian leader in the Pueblo Revolt of 1680-92.

PEN PAL



Finally got some response to our Pen Pal request. It should prove worthwhile for those willing to take advantage of it. Writing to someone of similar interests always is of benefit to both parties. Why not write to one of the people listed below.

David H. Steingass
Rt # 4
Chardon, Ohio

Dave is 16 years old, interested in all phases of Indian Lore and Natural Science.

Tovey Sussman
595 F.D.R. Dr.
N.Y. 2, New York

Tovey is 12 and wants someone to write to.

Domenic Caledonia
908 Benwood Ave.
McKees Rocks, Penna.

Domenic is 17 years old and wants to correspond with someone on Sioux Indians.

Mrs. C. Hauwiller
Rt. # 5
Anoka, Minnesota

Wants to correspond with anyone who has had experience in Indian Summer Camps. She would like to start one of her own.

T.R. Sharron
205 Main St.
Gardner, Mass.

Mr. Sharron is a new dance leader of an Order of the Arrow group and would like to correspond with anyone who can help him get going on dances etc.

Ken Gahs
2823 Garnet Rd.
Baltimore 14, Md. every two weeks. He wants help on programing for this short term.

Ken has had experience teaching Indian lore at summer camps where the campers stayed all summer, now he has accepted a job where the campers will change every two weeks.

John James
1 Division, B Registry
Eastern Avenue
Gloucester, England

John is 19 years old, is interested in a Study of the North American Indians, Photography, Scouting and reading. He wants a pen pal in the United States.

ODDS & ENDS

The KOSHARE Indians of La Junta, Colo. will be in the Southern California area during the first three weeks in June. This will be their first trip to the West Coast in 24 years. They can still accept a few engagements, if you are interested in booking them for an appearance contact them immediately.

The WAKAN TANKA Dancers of Buffalo, New York are scheduling a big show on April 28th, at Kleinhans Music Hall in Buffalo. This group has also recently published a fine booklet called the "Indian Dancer's Primer". It contains many hints on how to organize a new dance group. A few copies are still available from the groups leader; Miss Loraine M. May; 26 Marne Rd.; Buffalo 15, N.Y.

GENE FALLWELL of the TEAL WING Dancers of Dallas, Texas has written an interesting booklet called, "The Comanche Trail of Thunder and The Massacre at Parker's Fort". It is well illustrated by the author. Printed as a bulletin of Fort Parker State Park; Mexia, Texas and available from them. Congratulations Gene. (See the article on the Jemez Buffalo Dance drawn by Gene, in this issue)

Horse Lover's magazine for Jan. 56 has a nice article on adapting Indian crafts to modern woman's dress wear. Included is a fine photo of a ribbon work skirt.

By GEORGE J. ALTMAN

FROM La Connor, a little village near Puget Sound, Washington, a long bridge crosses a wide slough to Fidalgo Island. At the end of the bridge, and marking the entrance to the Swinomish Indian reservation, we were greeted by a tall, slender, light totem-pole, bearing at its top the face of President Roosevelt, carved by a nonagenarian. After a short drive we trudged through mud and water-holes on a narrow path lined with parked cars of proud Indian owners. It was pitch-black and drizzling. Suddenly we had a fairy-tale view; hovering in the air, little flames were dancing in front of us at short intervals, six or eight rows high and covering a width of more than a hundred feet. Was this a wonder of nature or a deception of the senses? Approaching, we stood before a cedar-wood wall. The darkness had made it invisible from afar; moreover, our eyes had been dazzled by the flames. This was the ceremonial house, popularly called the "smoke-house." The smoke fumed from four huge bonfires burning in the center of the interior, which was 110 feet long and 50 feet wide. Leaping flames sparkled to the pointed roof—the dancing flames we had seen from afar, shining through the chinks between the mighty cedar logs. The roof was supported by broad posts which were also the decorative element of the blackened smoke-house, because the "Thunderbird" was painted on a red background, the head white, the body black, and a small yellow halfmoon, open to the top, crossed its legs. Three rows of wooden benches circled the dance floor, amphitheatrically, not providing enough seats for the thousand or more spectators, the others being obliged to accommodate themselves on the ground in front of the first row.

The Swinomish Indians were the hosts. Their guests of honor were 400 Coast Salish Indians from nearby British Columbia and many neighbor Indians from northern Washington. Numerous whites also participated, and representatives of other races were not lacking. Two Chinese girls passed in front of me; at my left side a Negro girl had an Indian baby in her lap; to the right rested a beautiful "Americanized" Sioux girl. Furthermore, one could see all age groups—a very young mother holding on her arm a baby only a few weeks old, and a centenarian guided carefully by his son through the crowd.

It was January 22, "Treaty Day," celebrated annually. The treaty was negotiated in 1855 at Port Elliott by Isaac I. Stevens, Governor and Superintendent, and representatives of

the Dwamish, Suquamish, Snohamish, Swinomish, and other Salishan tribes and bands, by the terms of which the Indians ceded to the United States all right, title, and interest "in and to the lands and country occupied by them," the Government, however, setting aside certain reservations for their use and occupancy, and granting certain other privileges and emoluments. So the Indians celebrate annually this day, which logically might be for them a day of sorrow. Our "guardian-spirit," Dr. Erna Gunther, anthropologist in the University of Washington in Seattle and the Washington State Museum, solved the enigma.

After the close of the treaty the American officials forbade all pagan ceremonies, a deadly blow to the feast-loving Indians; whereupon they cunningly evaded the prohibition by celebrating "Treaty Day" in the form of a fiesta, ostensibly to express their gratitude for the kindness of the Government. But who could understand the meaning of their language, their songs and dances? Therefore the celebration became a cover for their ancient religious ceremonies. Naturally, since the late 1920's many of the prohibitions have been revoked, or at least disregarded. The day has been retained as a reminder to Government officials to honor the provisions of the treaty to protect their Indian wards. Primarily, however, the established Treaty Day made it unnecessary to communicate yearly to their neighbors the time at which ceremonies expressive of their deepest religious feelings would be performed.

These ceremonies culminate in the belief in guardian spirits, which each of the Puget Sound Indians possesses, whether rich or poor, young or old, man or woman. These spirits help them in everything—the preservation or restoration of health, and

for their general prosperity. Moreover, most guardian spirits are believed to give a person the ability to do something well. Of course, like humans, these guardian spirits differ in character. If they are mighty, they guard the rich; if less powerful, they suffice for the poor. Amongst these Northwestern Indians pride in social standing and class consciousness is very outspoken, in strong contrast to their Southwestern brethren.

These guardian spirits travel always around the world. After a year, in winter, they return to Puget Sound, their starting point, and choose the bodies of their wards as their places of abode. But these superhumans are so powerful that no human being can endure such close contact. Therefore it is necessary that they liberate themselves from their bodily occupants, whose guardianship would be more effective from afar. This liberation is accomplished through songs and dances.

Guests of honor have precedence during the performance of the ceremonies. The British Columbian Indians are seated in the middle of the longer side of the place, the dancers of the hosts retiring modestly to the extreme corner of the same side. In front of each of these two groups stands their orchestra: ten musicians, who are also the singers. In his left hand each holds a small drum, with a deerskin head stretched over one side, and in his right hand a wooden drumstick. Now and then the deerskin is warmed at one of the bonfires for the purpose of effecting greater resonance. The orchestras are augmented by several women, who amplify the rhythm by beating wooden sticks against each other. Many of the spectators, not alone the Indians, join in clapping their hands. The crackling noise of the burning fir-slabs produces a ghostly sound.

The character of the music was peculiar. It was not its function to serve only as an accompaniment to the dances, but more to direct the dancers, each dance accentuating this point. A few short staccato spoken sounds, "Ha! Hu! Ho!" could at first be heard; they should encourage the dancers—"warming up" is the technical term. By and by one "Ho" was prolonged, swelling in a mighty crescendo to singing. At the climax it suddenly was cut short and became whispering without intermediate passages—a very dramatic contrast. The chant completed, "enter the dancer." Until then he had sat almost lifelessly on the bench, with eyes staring at the floor, only once in a while a groan emerging from his chest. As if hypnotized by the music, he jumped up with a jerk. The singer-drummers had hidden him almost completely. Now they opened their circle just opposite the dancer, forming two half-circles. The path was free for the dancer.

The dancer's costume was deep black, made from monk's-cloth; his shirt hung down over his trousers to the knees; his close-fitting trousers reached the ankles. Below the knee was attached a rattle made of deer dewclaws. White miniature paddles, about 10 inches long, hung in a dense row from his black belt, and his breast was adorned with two chains of similar paddles. On each cheek three painted broad black parallel stripes ran down laterally from the cheekbones. On his head he wore a huge black wig made from cedar-bark, which dropped over the forehead, almost completely covering the face, and on his back reaching to the hips. Some small light feathers were interwoven at the crown of the head.

There the dancer stood, straddle-legged, the upper part of his body and his knees bent slightly forward. His arms were raised like wings, at an acute angle to his body. He did not change this posture whatsoever during the dance; the whole body remained stiff, puppet-like. It was the rigidity of a man completely possessed by the guardian-spirit concept. The movement was effected exclusively by the dancer's feet, which simultaneously tossed the body upward. It was more gymnastics than a dance. Occasionally groaning almost inaudibly, the jerks raised the performer now scarcely from the floor, now to an astonishing height. It was the acme of an acrobat. The directing music swelled stimulating to his low jerks, becoming almost inaudible at the more violent ones, not to make the madcap madder. He jumped hypnotized to the nearest bonfire, encircling it counter-clockwise, and returned to the starting point. Before he could reach his place, he broke down, physically exhausted, when two friends caught him and seated him on the bench. Here he cringed again into himself, his

groans becoming louder and louder, and finally terminating in a cry. The dancer and all the Indians knew that this was the moment in which the guardian spirit was forced to leave the body. Dance and song had completed their purpose—the performer was liberated. A friend removed the wig and gave it to another of the black-costumed dancers. Two or three wigs made the rounds.

The dancer's diminishing groans were mingled with similar sounds by his neighbor, the next dancer. She was a young girl, in simple everyday black dress; but her face had been made unrecognizable by a densely painted black half-mask which left exposed the upper part of the forehead, half the cheeks, and the ears and chin.

The girl also stood completely stiff, legs and feet pressed together, arms raised, forward, with palms down. The attitude resembled a priestly gesture for conjuring the dead or the spirits of the underworld. But it was in significant contrast that her hands were relaxed, but cramped, her fingers being bent down like claws. As if magnetically attracted, the girl jumped to the bonfire with very short steps, always simultaneously with both feet. Before each jump there was a long oppressive pause. She was so much a sleepwalking marionette that we caught our breath, fearing that she might even jump directly into the flames. At the last moment she raised her right arm in front of her eyes, warding off the fire (a gesture of many dancers, even far away from the bonfires), fought with convulsive movements of her arms against the invisible spirit, and jerked around the fire, again with long pauses. Returning to her starting point the ordeal of the first dancer was repeated—the breaking down; but this time not from physical but psychical exhaustion—the seating by her friends and groaning until liberation. The music proved this time to be extraordinarily effective. Probably the girl would have broken down after her first few steps if the song had not supported her with loud, never diminishing sounds. She finally succumbed to the power of the guardian spirit as if bewitched.

But we have already seen the two types of the possessed: the fighters and the sufferers; the first group in the majority, even among the women. Now a very robust and no-longer-young girl stood there. She, too, in everyday dress; she, too, with a face painted black, mask-like. It had taken a long time before the former dancer had commenced her performance, but this one waited eagerly for her cue. It was a vivacious hopping dance with polka-like steps, with rhythmical accents on the stamped earthen floor. She, too, was in a trance, and so spirited that at first the singers did not need much exertion. Later on, their directing was put on trial. This dancer did not succumb to the magic of the fire; on the contrary, she withdrew so much that she soon reached the opposite end of the dance hall. This was against the ceremonial rule, which prescribed that a dancer must be subconsciously awake and always encircle a bonfire. The more she withdrew from her bonfire, the more forceful became the song to call her back, a warning that did not fail in its aim. As this became visible, the song became lower and lower, and was barely audible as she reached the fire.

For hours, until early morning, dancers followed one another. Very touching was the reverence for the "oldest one" whose ninety-six years did not hinder him from participating in the dance. He was neither a fighter nor a sufferer; therefore his face did not look tormented nor strained. But from his features shone a holy peace, reflecting confidence that his guardian spirit would remain true to him without crushing him with the overwhelming weight of his benefits, if he fulfilled his traditional duty.

This dance had an unexpected result. Guardian spirits must not be bothered with competition, therefore solo dances only are dedicated to them. But this night, suddenly an enthusiastic Indian from amongst the spectators sprang onto the dance-ground. He was not possessed by a guardian spirit, but by the dance-devil! Soon others joined, in Indian file, among them being even one of the former guardian-spirit dancers! According to Dr. Gunther, it had never happened before, on similar occasions, that several men had danced at the same time. It was a good example of how the profane crept into the religious, soon to destroy it completely. Many dances of primi-

tives, having today only entertainment value, have a religious root.

When the "older ones" will have departed for the after-world and the "young ones," matured in the martial uniform of their fatherland, have taken their place, then the religious significance of the guardian-spirit dances will be relegated to the past.

SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGIST

The dignified Navaho medicine man was interrupted in his preparations for a ceremony by a spectacled blonde with a big note-book and an interpreter.

He answered her searching and personal questions in Navaho; then when she had finished he addressed her in English.

"I have answered your questions: now will you answer some for me?" The woman could hardly refuse under the circumstances, so the Navaho produced a note-book and he wrote down her answers.

"What is your name? . . . How old are you? . . . Where were you born? . . . Are you an American citizen? . . . Are you a Republican or Democrat? . . . How did you vote in the last election? . . . Why did you vote that way? . . . Are you married? . . . Have you any children? . . . How old are they? . . . Why are you not at home taking care of your . . . ?"

At this the woman muttered something about catching a train at Gallup and departed hastily.

"What do you call her? 'Social anthropologist'?" The medicine-man grinned. "Whatever she is, she don't like that kind of questions any better than we do. Too bad she quit. I was going to ask her if she likes her husband's mother, and if not, why not!"

MRH

Podunk—Although the name *Podunk* is often applied to an imaginary place in a burlesque way, as, for example, "the Congressman from Podunk," it really has a legitimate use, for it is an actual place-name in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and was recorded as early as 1637. There was a small Algonquian Indian band of that name on Podunk river in Hartford County, Connecticut, their principal village, bearing the same name, being at the mouth of that stream. A pond and the meadows thereabouts in Brookfield, Massachusetts, had also the name, as likewise did a place on Long Island in the form *Potunk*, presumably a corruption of p'tuk-ohke, 'a neck or corner of land'.

Pone—It is natural that the term "pone" (*äpân*), a kind of bread or cake made of cornmeal, milk, and eggs, called also corn-pone, should be used more commonly in the Southern States than elsewhere, because it is of Powhatan (Virginia) Indian origin, although its cognates are found in other Algonquian dialects as far north as Maine and westward to the Middle States, where, however, the term was not adopted by the whites.

Mugwump—A term not in such common usage in political parlance as in the 1880's and 1890's is *mugwump*, employed to designate a bolter from his party, an "independent." The term (*mukquomp*: *moqki*, 'great,' *omp*, 'man') is from the Massachusetts dialect of the Algonquian language and was used by John Eliot in his translation of the Bible (on which he was engaged from 1653 to 1663) as the equivalent of lord, chief, captain, leader, great man.

FLATHEADS—The Salish Indians of Montana and Idaho, officially known as "Flatheads", did not practice the custom of artificially flattening the head, but were given that name by surrounding Indians because, in contradistinction to most tribes farther west, they left them in their natural condition—flat on top, instead of pointed.

MOST of us who are wondering how a durable peace can be established to follow victory would be astonished to learn that a practical peace league was founded by American Indians in the sixteenth century, which operated with great success for more than two hundred years, and that one of its founders was an Iroquois named Hiawatha—not Longfellow's mythical hero, but a real person.

This was the League of the Iroquois, also known as the Five Nations, later, Six Nations League, which, although founded and operated to establish peace, in so doing became the greatest Indian military power north of Mexico.

It has been said that when the French explorer Champlain, with his Huron Indian allies, made his unprovoked attack on the Iroquois in 1609, he lost North America for France at that moment, for the powerful League never forgot the injury; and largely because of it in later years became strong allies of the British. This much is a matter of historical record; but for the story of the League's founding, in the absence of contemporary written accounts, we must sift the various traditions still to be found among the Iroquois, and in this way piece together the approximate truth.

Apparently the League that attempted to pacify North America and actually swung the balance of power for England would never have existed had it not been for the dreams of two aboriginal statesmen: Hiawatha or Hay-yonh-wat'-ha, an Onondaga Iroquois, and Dekanawida (Day-kah-nah-wee'-dah), by birth a Huron, by adoption a Mohawk Iroquois. Even those two might never have succeeded had it not been for the practical aid they received from Jigonsasay, a woman chief of the Attiwandaronk, or Neutral Nation, a woman still revered as "The Mother of Nations".

Hiawatha must have seen in his youth the original five Iroquois tribes—the Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida, and Mohawk—always struggling precariously to keep alive, although they dwelt in the fertile valleys of what is now central New York, and game was plentiful. This was not only because they were constantly preyed upon by outside enemy tribes, but, even worse, because they fought one another, although all spoke dialects of one mother tongue.

Hiawatha, it is said, pondered long on the problem, and finally found what seemed to be a solution: the Five Nations must agree to fight no more among themselves, but to join forces against any invader. Each should maintain its own local government as before, but should send delegates to a central council to determine matters of interest to all. He presented his plan to Tadodaho, leading chief of the Onondaga at the time.

Tadodaho (also called Atotarho) was a strange and formidable character—a shrewd warrior who loved to pose as a veritable demon. The legends picture him with his head surrounded by living, writhing snakes, which he doubtless tied among his hair braids for effect; and it is said that, when talking to anyone, even his fingers writhed and twisted snakily.

This chieftain refused to consider Hiawatha's plan, in fact forbade him to advocate it; but Hiawatha would not give up his cherished dream. As time went on, however, he began to suffer strange misfortunes; his brother was struck down by an arrow shot from ambush; his wife and two of his three daughters mysteriously sickened and died, one after the other; all probably through the machinations of Tadodaho.

Then came the crowning catastrophe. To take Hiawatha's mind from his troubles, his tribesmen put on a game of lacrosse, favorite sport of the Iroquois nations. But the third daughter, little more than a baby, followed a pretty bird out into the playing field. The racing players, failing to see her, knocked her down and she suffered such injuries that she died soon after.

Now the stricken Hiawatha, leaving his home, camped from place to place, searching for some spot where he could mourn his dead, fast and pray, think and plan in peace. But at every camp, it is said, the ugly vision of Tadodaho with his writhing snakes and twisting fingers would rise before him, and he would be obliged to move on.

Finally Hiawatha left the Onondaga country altogether and journeyed eastward to the land of the Mohawk, part of which is still known as the Mohawk Valley. Here he met the Huron-born chieftain Dekanawida, who had long been cherishing a plan similar to his own. Between them they convinced the Mohawk that such a League should be established; then started in to convey the "Good Tidings of Peace and Power" to the other four tribes, in which work they were joined by Jigonsasay, the Peace Woman, later known as the "Mother of Nations".

Just how Jigonsasay came into the picture is not related; but the probabilities are that Hiawatha and Dekanawida encountered such difficulties that they decided to enlist her aid. We may picture them journeying in person to the home of Jigonsasay near Niagara Falls and persuading her to join them in their great work, which was strictly in line with her reputation as an advocate of peace.

It is said that the three used a bundle of five arrows tied together to illustrate their argument. Any one of the five arrows, taken separately, could be easily broken, just as any one of the five tribes could be conquered by an outside enemy. On the other hand, five arrows tied together are very hard to break, just as five tribes leagued together are very difficult to conquer.

One by one the Oneida and Cayuga, then the Seneca, were convinced by the combined eloquence, although the western band of Seneca were skeptical and held out for many moons.

Only the Onondaga, tribesmen of Hiawatha, turned a deaf ear to all persuasion, through the influence of their chief Tadodaho, who still violently opposed the scheme. It was then that Jigonsasay offered some good advice and proved herself not only an idealist but a practical politician.

Divining that Tadodaho feared the loss of his power should the League plan be adopted, she suggested that he be offered the post of Grand Chief, or Fire-keeper, of the united Five Nations. This strategy worked, and Tadodaho not only withdrew his opposition, but became and remained one of the chief supporters of the League. The Mother of Nations had, in Iroquois figurative speech, "combed the snakes out of Tadodaho's hair."

The "Good Tidings of Peace and Power" was very sensible. In the first place the Five Nations agreed to refrain from all hostility toward one another, settling all disputes peaceably in council. Second, all agreed to assist with armed force any one of the Five that might be attacked by outside tribes. In local matters each nation should continue to govern itself as before; but each should send delegates to a central council which would handle all matters concerning the League as a whole. The Grand Council was to meet at stated intervals; or could be called into special session in time of emergency. The Onondaga, living in the center of the League's domain, were made Keepers of the Council Fire, another way

of saying that the Federal capital of the League was established in their territory; their principal chief, Tadodaho, became Head Fire-keeper, or Grand Chief, of the whole League.

To offset this advantage, the Onondaga delegates had ordinarily no vote in the council, but acted as moderators, casting their vote only in case of a deadlock. I say "vote" instead of "votes" because the tribe voted as a unit. The other nations were paired, the Oneida and Cayuga on one side, the Seneca and Mohawk on the other, the delegates of each pair voting as a unit, having smoothed out all differences among them before the vote was cast.

In order to understand how the delegates to the Grand Council were chosen, we must realize that each nation was

made up of clans, and each clan was composed of one or more *owáchia*—families, in a large sense, of people related through their mothers. Some of the *owáchia* were considered *boyáneh*, or noble, because in them certain titles of chieftainship were hereditary. It was the duty of the matrons of such *owáchia* to decide which of their men should carry the title of chief and represent their clan and their nation in the Grand Council, subject, of course, to confirmation by the council itself.

The original Grand Council, it is said, consisted of about fifty delegates; but this number was increased after the Tuscarora joined the League in the early part of the eighteenth century.

In this way, according to the Iroquois, the "Five Nations built for themselves one great Long House in which they could live and raise their children in peace." The Long House was indeed great, for its eastern door was on the Hudson river and its western door in the Genesee valley; later, on the shores of Lake Erie itself.

Thus far we have seen how the Iroquois nations, establishing peace among themselves, formed a union which was the prototype of our own United States; but in time it became more than that. As the Indians would phrase it:

"The Five Nations dug a great hole and in it they buried their weapons of war; then they planted a Tree of Peace with long leaves, and four white roots reaching out to the east and the west, the south and the north. In the top they placed an Eagle to watch in all directions and give warning of the approach of any enemy who might try to cut down the Tree.

"The Tree was nourished with Peace, Right-living and Power. It grew great and the Five Nations seated themselves in its pleasant shade. They invited all nations and individuals to follow the white roots back to the Tree and sit with them."

Apparently, when the Five Nations discovered how well their plan worked, they began to think of admitting other nations; indeed, invited them to come and sit with them under the "Great Tree of Peace". Some took the invitation in good part; others, proud and jealous, spurned the offer. Finally, the League decided to establish the Great Peace by force and so maintain it. This succeeded so well that at the height of its power, about 1675, the League had pacified and controlled the whole northeastern quarter of the continent.

If a tribe accepted the Great Peace, no tribute was exacted. It might join the League outright, as did the Tuscarora, who spoke a kindred dialect, making the Sixth Nation. Or it might co-operate only, as did the Lenape, or Delaware, tribe, who promised to serve as peacemakers, although they spoke an entirely different language. Or, the tribe might simply accept the protection of the League and agree to abstain from all acts of war. In all cases these tribes or nations continued to manage their own affairs as before, apart from warfare.

Tammany—The name of this well-known political organization of New York came from that of a noted Delaware Indian chief, Támanend, who was one of the signers of the deed to William Penn in 1683 for lands within the present Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The practice of organizing American political and military societies on an Indian basis dates back to the French and Indian war, and was especially in favor among the soldiers of the Revolutionary army. The only ones of these societies now existing are the Improved Order of Red Men and the Tammany Society. The latter, sometimes early known as the Columbian Society and originally established as a patriotic and charitable organization, was founded in 1786 and regularly organized with a constitution in 1789. Taking an Indian title and formulating a ritual based on supposedly Indian custom, the meeting-place was called the "wigwam" and there were 13 "tribes" corresponding to the 13 original states, the Delaware tribe being the "Tiger Tribe," whence the "Tammany tiger."

But if a tribe defied the League, its lot was a sad one. The populous and powerful Huron group of tribes in Canada, always jealous and bitter enemies of the Five Nations, although related to them, spurned the League's advances. The Huron were almost exterminated; probably today their blood runs in the veins of only a few hundred individuals, while the Iroquois still number about sixteen thousand.

Other Iroquois-speaking tribes which refused to accept the Great Peace were also destroyed, among them the Erie, or Cat Nation, living south of Lake Erie; the Susquehannock in what is now Pennsylvania, and, sad to say, the Attiwandaronk, or Neutral Nation, living near Niagara Falls—this last the people who had given birth to the great Jigonsasay, Mother of Nations. After her death, apparently, they had refused to join the League or even to accept the Great Peace, again proving that a prophet is often without honor in his, or her, own country. The survivors of her nation, and of the Erie, however, were adopted bodily into the Five Nations and their blood still flows in Iroquois veins today, especially among the Seneca.

In spite of all this war and destruction, as a means to an end, the Great Peace, as such, was ever in the minds of the League's leaders. In fact, the delegate chiefs were all sworn protectors of it. With one exception none of them could engage in warfare without "losing his horns", which meant sacrificing his office. The federal chieftain Skanawáti was the exception to the rule; he seems to have served as an intermediary, or "liaison officer", between the Grand Council and the war-captains.

Those who are trying to plan today for a post-war world might do well to study Hiawatha's "Good Tidings of Peace and Power," for a plan that worked so well in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries might succeed again. We should note that, while the League's aims were lofty, their application was realistic and supported by armed force. Human nature remaining the same, there can be no Peace without Power to back it. Also important is the fact that nations accepting the Great Peace were permitted to conduct their own affairs as before, except in matters of warfare.

Perhaps, even yet, "all nations will come and sit" with the Iroquois beneath their "Great Tree of Peace."



CAYUGA MASKED DANCER
Grand River Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

THE JEMEZ BUFFALO DANCE

COSTUME DESIGN AND OUTLINE OF THE COLORFUL PUEBLO RITUAL

• BUILDING THE BUFFALO HEAD •

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUFFALO SKULL PEICE IS SIMPLE TO ASSEMBLE IF YOU FOLLOW THE THREE BASIC STEPS LISTED BELOW

FIRST, FIND A SURPLUS "GI" HELMET LINER TO SUPPORT THE HORNS AND FUR COVER FOR THE HEADGEAR.

FIG. 1.



A HELMET LINER IS MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THE FELT CROWN AND MAKES A MORE DURABLE BASE!

A SHAGGY, THICK FUR IS DESIRABLE, BUT RABBIT, FOX OR SKUNK WORKS FINE.

SECOND, CUT 3 PEICES OF HEAVY FUR 4" WIDE BY 26" LONG FOR COVERING THE LINER....

FIG. 2.



PAINT THE HELMET WITH WOOD GLUE AND PLACE A STRIP DOWN THE CENTER, THEN PEICE IN EACH SIDE ALLOWING THE SURPLUS FUR TO HANG DOWN THE BACK

THIRD, ADD BLACK POLISHED HORNS THROUGH FUR AND HELMET. START WOOD SCREWS FROM INSIDE HELMET.....

FIG. 3.



COW HORNS SHOULD BE PLUGGED WITH ONE INCH WOOD BLOCK... AND GLUED.

A FEW SMALL FINISHING NAILS HELPS SECURE HORNS TO FILL BLOCK.

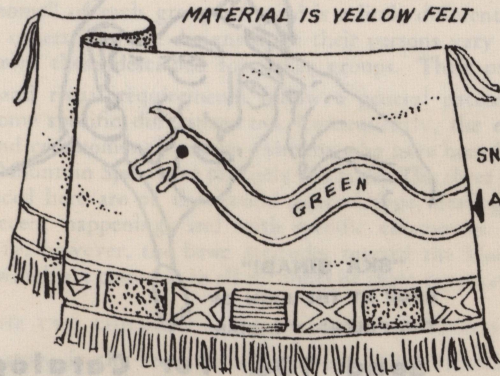
THE FINISHED BUFFALO HEAD IS NOW READY FOR USE. SURPLUS LINERS USUALLY HAVE ADJUSTABLE PRESSURE BANDS FOR SUPPORT... BE SURE YOURS DOES!

IF FUR IS LIGHT IN COLOR DYE IT DEEP BROWN OR BLACK.

ADD A CHIN STRAP FOR TIGHTER FITTING.

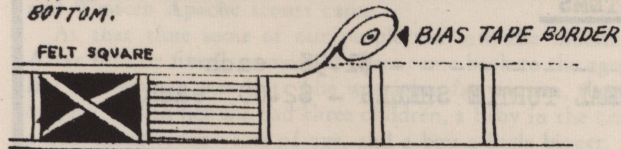
• THE PUEBLO STYLE SKIRT •

MATERIAL IS YELLOW FELT



SNAKE DESIGN IS TO BE APPLIED FELT!

THE COLORFUL DANCE SKIRT IS A WRAP-AROUND TYPE WHICH TIES ON THE SIDES. MEASURE FROM THE WAIST TO THE KNEES AND LEAVE SIDES OPEN FOR FREEDOM AND AMPLE KNEE ROOM. FRINGE FOUR INCHES ON THE BOTTOM.



THE ORNAMENTAL HEM OR BORDER IS MADE BY INLAY OF PEICES OF BRIGHT COLORED FELT AND STRIPED MATERIALS. WHEN THE SQUARES OF 4"x6" ARE IN PLACE, BRIGHT COLORED BIAS TAPE IS USED FOR TRIMMING UP THE DESIGNS

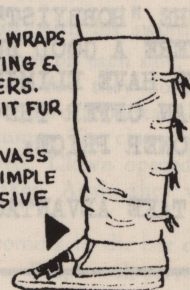
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY GENE FALL•WELL

• PUEBLO BOOTS & LEGGINS •



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FELT OR CANVASS WRAPS ARE SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE



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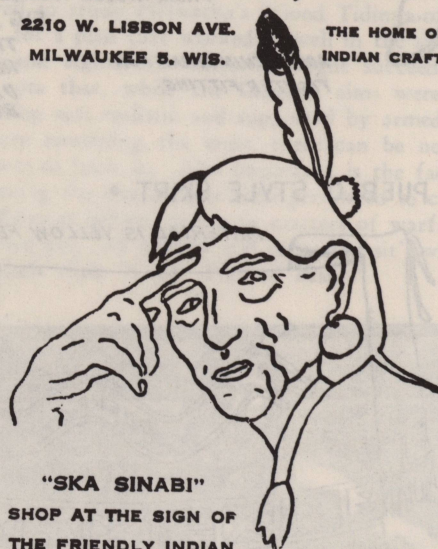
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By MORRIS EDWARD OPLER

THE *gábé* or *žá'žádá* of the Chiricahua Apache Indians of the American Southwest are mountain-dwelling supernaturals. Though the native terms cannot be literally translated, in previous publications I have called them Mountain Spirits. They are the prototypes for the masked dancers of the Chiricahua; a shaman who has seen the *gábé* in one of their "homes" during a vision experience and who has been granted power and special knowledge by them may dress and design masked dancers to represent and impersonate the Mountain Spirits.

The Mountain Spirits are primarily conceived to be protectors of the Chiricahua Apache and of their territory, though they also have other functions. Consequently, masked dancers are "made" or prepared by a shaman when strong enemies are in the vicinity or when an epidemic is reported to be approaching. The masked dancers are referred to by the same terms used of the "real" Mountain Spirits, though the Chiricahua always keep the distinction between the impersonators and the supernaturals in mind.

The stories concerning the Mountain Spirits are of two general types. There are those which are traditional in character and which are part of the stock-in-trade of every Chiricahua raconteur. These episodes are said to have occurred "very long ago" and do not involve persons who are remembered or who can be named. They are type stories which emphasize the curative and protective functions of these supernaturals and the respect due them. I have published the most common of them in my *Myths and Tales of the Chiricahua Apache Indians*.¹ The other type of *gábé* story is placed in the more recent period and involves persons still living or still remembered. By recounting the supernatural experience in which the directions, designs, prayers, and songs were taught to him by the mountain deities, the shaman validates his right to organize a masked dancer group of his own. The Mountain Spirits inhabit the interiors of many mountains. Therefore, the "holy home" of each group of *gábé* is a little different from that of others, and the designs upon their persons vary somewhat from those described for other groups. Their prayers, songs, and ritual requirements follow a general pattern but show some specific differences too. Consequently, the experiences and ceremonies of no two shamans who have been blessed by the Mountain Spirits are precisely the same. The three stories introduced here are of the second general type, dealing with more recent happenings and with specific ceremonies. They exemplify, however, the basic attitudes toward the Mountain Spirits which are common to all accounts of these supernaturals.

THE TWO CHILDREN SAVED BY MOUNTAIN SPIRITS

This story is the real truth. In about 1874 Victorio was taken away from Hot Springs to San Carlos. It was without cause. He was the principal chief of the Warm Springs Apache.² After him (in rank and importance) were Loco and young Mangas. I remember when this happened. Soldiers and Western Apache scouts came.

At that time some of our people ran into the mountains. After four or five days most of them came back to the agency. But one woman was lost. She was a big fat woman, the wife of Jatu. With her she had three children, a baby in the cradle, a girl about seven years of age, and a boy a little bigger. She thought that the people were all gone and she stayed in the mountains with her children. Then she got a notion to come out to Mescalero country. The Mescalero people were at Fort Stanton then.³

There was a mountain that she had to pass. The white people call it Mt. Cuchillo. The Mountain Spirits are in that mountain. My people heard them many times.⁴ Cuchillo is near Elephant Butte and the Rio Grande.

She started with her children. Close to sundown she came to a Mexican town. She passed it and came on to the plains. There a bear got after her. She saw no tree to climb except a

little locust tree. She got the little boy up and the little girl. She stood there. The bear knocked her down and killed her. Then he took the cradle and hit it against a rock. The two in the locust tree cried. The bear could have reached them, but it sat there. Then it started away and went over a hill. The two children came down. They didn't know what to do.

As they sat there crying, Grey One, the clown, came from this holy mountain and approached them. He carried a sword, not a stick. "What are you crying about?" he asked the children.

They told him all that had happened. "We don't know what to do," they told him.

"Come with me," said the clown.

He started to the mountains. He got to a cliff at the foot of the mountains. Then he turned around to the children, and



Masked Dancers Representing Mountain Spirits of the Chiricahua Apache

said, "We are going in here. There are four doors in there through which we must go. After we pass through the last door there will be a big crowd of people in there. At the first door there will be two bears with open mouths. But don't be afraid."

Then Clown turned and hit the cliff with his sword. A door opened. The two bears were there, one on each side. The children went between them unharmed, for they followed Clown. At the second door there were two mountain-lions looking as though they were going to jump. The clown went between them, and the children followed. Clown opened the third door and there were two big snakes. Again they went between the animals.

Then Clown said to them: "We are coming to the last door. When I open it you will see many camps. People will surround you. But follow me. If they tell you to go home with them, don't go."

Clown hit the door and it opened. The children saw many people—boys, girls, men, and women. There was a land in there. Someone said, "Come, I'll take you home."

Clown said, "Pay no attention." They followed the clown.

At the far end was standing a big tipi like the one they have here for the girl's puberty rite. There was sedge on the floor and a fire in there. The poles were of spruce and there was a runway of trees on either side. Clown told them to stay there. Coffee and things to eat were carried in. They stayed in there and ate. They stayed there four days. At night a big fire was built outside and many *gábé* danced around the fire. Meanwhile singing was going on in the tipi too. Outside there were four spruce trees around the fire, one on each side. The Warm Springs people used to have it this way. Nani did. He was the leader. He sang in the tipi.⁵ It looks as though we imitate and represent those people of the mountains.

After four days everything was over at the big tipi and Clown came back to them. He said, "Come on, follow me." This same clown took them to a place where two little mountains stood close together. He opened doors on four sides of the mountains. Inside were Indian fruits and flour. He took them to another place. There they saw a big post and a bear was tied to it.

"That's the bear who killed your mother and the baby. That's why he is tied there. He's going to be tied there all his life. All the bears have to come here. They just get a pass from here to go into the mountains. If they are bad, we bring them back and keep them here."

Then Clown asked them, "What do you wish to do, go back to Hot Springs or stay here?"

The boy said, "We'd like to go to Hot Springs."

The clown said, "Everyone is in San Carlos now. Your father has a chain around his neck and is in prison right now, and Chatto and Coonie are chained too." (Chatto was not a Warm Springs Apache but he came over and stayed there most of the time.) It was the truth, too, what Clown was saying.

Then the clown said, "There is one white man over at the agency. You can go to him. I'll lead you to him. You can stay in his house with him. Next year your father and all your relatives will be back in Hot Springs. I am giving you four little ears of corn. Put the corn in your pocket and eat it, but don't throw the cobs away. I'm going to watch over you."

They went toward Hot Springs. They ate the corn off the cob, but when they took the cobs out again there was as much corn as before on them.⁹ When they came to the place they could not see Clown any more. But they could hear him talking and walking by their side. They came to the place where the white man was living. They started toward the house. When they came close to the house the man came out and took them in. There they were cared for just as the clown had said they would be. The next year we were back and I saw these two then. At that time the boy and girl told the story to the people.

Both of them are gone now. I thought that after they saw this and were with these mountain people they would live long. But they died. The boy used to tell us this story, and before he would tell it he would pray, and after he finished he would pray.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS HELP A FLEEING CHIRICAHUA

A Chiricahua Apache killed a man. He left hurriedly on horseback for the Tres Hermanas Mountains near Deming. In these mountains the *gábé* are known to live. He was riding near these mountains and he was starving. At this place is a big cave where the Mountain Spirits live under the rocks.

From a cave on top of one of the mountains a Mountain Spirit shouted to him, "Come over and let us go to my home." The Mountain Spirit asked the rider when he got to him, "What happened to you?" He knew already, but nevertheless he asked. The man who was fleeing said, "I killed a man and they were going to kill me, so I got on a horse and escaped."

The Mountain Spirit told him, "I'm sorry for you. You are poor. I will give you something. Then they will do nothing to you." The Apache was wearing some buckskin around his waist. The Mountain Spirit told him to take it off and spread it on the ground. There was a great deal of sand there. It was pure sand and fine. The Mountain Spirit said: "Take four handfuls and put them in the skin. Tie it up and do not open it for four days. Then take it back over there. Go back to the place where you killed the man. Go to his relatives and give this sand to them at the end of four days. It will turn into gunpowder. If you give this powder to the father or brother of the man you killed, he will think of you as his own brother."

When the Apache tied up the sand he told the Mountain Spirit he was hungry. The Mountain Spirit told him: "If you are hungry, when you get between the last two mountains you will see a deer. Kill it and butcher it." The man did so, dried the meat, and took it with him.

When he got home he gave the powder to the father of the dead man. The father said: "You did wrong to me, but the powder is worth more." I'm proud of it. I'll let you go. You have saved my children and my family. They will 'eat' this powder. While I am here no one will harm you."¹⁰

OLD DICK OBTAINS A MASKED DANCER CEREMONY

Old Dick told me he got his masked dancer ceremony at a mountain called "Between the Legs" south of Douglas, Arizona, in Old Mexico. Once in his young days, when he never thought of supernatural power, he went to sleep there. Something woke him. He went to sleep again. It woke him up three times and then the fourth time he saw something going around. The mountain opened up to him and four Mountain Spirits came from on top."¹¹ The leading Mountain Spirit talked to him. He said, "We live in these big mountains."



Mask worn in the so-called "Devil Dance" of the Apache, presented to the Southwest Museum by Miss Rose Dougan

They spoke to him. They said that they were to be his Mountain Spirits. He never said that they took him inside the mountain. They told him that his masked dancers would have to be marked in a certain way. They gave him the songs then. And that's how he learned the ceremony of the masked dancers, he says. The time he painted masked dancers to keep the influenza away, he told the crowd this. Every time Dick sang for his masked dancers he would sing of this place.¹²

He told me I would see it some day, and I did. Once I was down in Old Mexico with Tunitu. We were gathering herbs. Tunitu showed me many plants that are used for medicine. Our trip took many days. During my stay there Dick was singing for Katazine. In the middle of his singing he stopped and laughed. He called my name, and said: "He is at the foot of the mountain called 'Between the Legs.' He is safe."¹³

⁹*Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 37, Menasha, Wis., 1942, pp. 74-79.

¹⁰The Warm Springs or Ojo Caliente Apache Indians are the Eastern band of the Chiricahua Apache tribe. Their aboriginal territories lay east of the Rio Grande in New Mexico.

¹¹The range of the Mescalero Apache adjoined that of the Eastern Chiricahua.

¹²It is claimed that drumming and singing of the Mountain Spirits can be heard by those who travel close to their mountain homes.

¹³What follows is a typical account of a Chiricahua power quest. Chiricahua who seek or are offered supernatural power are often led into holy homes of this description. Note that Clown, as is often the case, acts as guide for the journey. The clown of the Apache masked dancers functions in a dual role. When the masked dancers are performing mainly for the entertainment of the people, as they do for four nights in connection with the girl's puberty rite, the clown acts the buffoon, mimic, and jester. When the masked dancers attempt to cure or to ward off disease, the clown has important ceremonial attributes, however.

¹⁴The children were being tested to determine whether they were fit to receive supernatural power. The power is successful only when the candidate shows bravery, singleness of purpose, and faith, and is willing to follow and obey the supernatural guide.

¹⁵That is, he knew the songs of the girl's puberty rite and could be hired by the family of the adolescent girl to sing for her when she came of age.

¹⁶The Chiricahua Apache speak of "animal homes" in the interior of mountains where the supernaturals keep the animals. When game is scarce it is said that too few animals are being released from the mountain homes to roam on the earth's surface. The Mountain Spirits, and particularly the clowns, are often described as the caretakers of deer, antelope, and mountain sheep.

¹⁷The children here borrowed from traditional Chiricahua myth sources, for the inexhaustible food incident is a common Apache myth element.

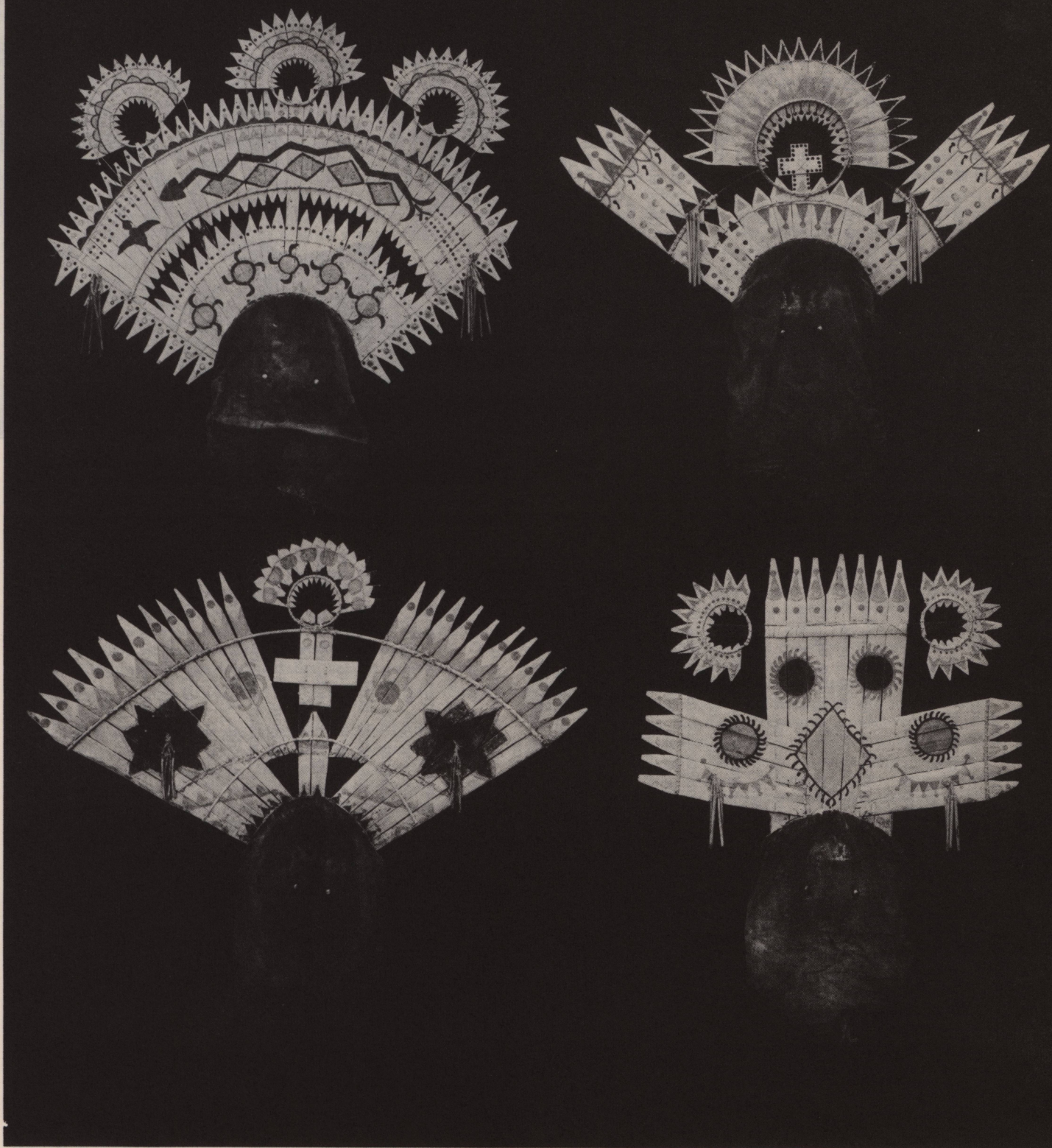


PHOTO OF THE MONTH

WHITE RIVER APACHE CROWNS - Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History 52

The following is an excerpt from the Museum Journal, Philadelphia for March 1912. The article by M.R. Harrington is titled, "The Devil Dance of the Apaches"

....."A long time ago," he said "an Apache named Kantaniro was hunting near a big mountain out in Arizona, when he saw a strange being come out of the rocks, a creature with no ears or nose, but which had great horns upon its head."

He was badly frightened, but the spirit called to him and told him not to be afraid, and offered to help him. The hunter stopped to listen, and was told just how to make and use these masks. 'Do as I tell you,' said the spirit, 'and I will give luck to your girls when they arrive at womanhood, will cure your sick, protect you against storms, and help everybody.'

"So when a girl reaches the proper age her parents get up a big feast in her honor and we dance several nights wearing the masks and horns, which look like the spirit the hunter saw in the mountain. At this time people who are sick can come, and the dancers cure them, for they have the spirit's power. When all is over the girl is no longer a child, but a woman. The white people call it the 'Devil Dance' but it has nothing to do with anything bad. Perhaps they think the dancers look like the spirit who will take care of them when they die."

As may be imagined I was eager to see the dance, but no chance came until the following summer, when an Indian brought me word that the great event was to take place.

Leaving Lawton, the nearest town, in the gathering dusk, we drove out past

Fort Sill and down into the shadows of the Medicine Creek bottoms. Finally fording the limpid stream, we came out into a large clearing where many tents, visible in the flickering light of numerous fires, revealed the presence of a large camp.

In the middle a round space had been cleared of brush, and here various Indians were busily piling up two great heaps of logs, one to start the dance fire, one to replenish it.

Everywhere was laughing and talking. Here were heard the complex sounds of the Apache language, one of the most difficult in phonetics of any Indian language with which I am acquainted. There, from groups of sheeted visitors, the plain, matter-of-fact Comanche, and from still other groups were heard the singsong, drawing tones of the Kiowa tongue. Altogether the scene was a noisy one, and it would be hard to imagine one more picturesque.

A modern touch was given to the scene by a flourishing soda-water booth, where some enterprising soul was doing a land-office business in pop and lemon sour.

At last the log pile was lighted and the blaze, mounting into the still summer air, made the great circle bright as day. A loud slapping sound drew our attention to a group of Indians who, squatting about a dry cowhide, had begun to belabor it, in unison, with stout sticks, and soon the measured throb of a tom-tom joined the din, followed by a burst of wild, weird song.

A hush of expectancy fell upon the audience, and all eyes seemed trying to pierce the darkness beyond the fire's bright circle of light.

Suddenly an owl-like "ho ho ho" was heard faintly from the black void to the east, then louder and closer, until a file of awe-inspiring demons came trotting into the circle, crowned with

great branching horns, from which hung bundles of sticks that clattered at every step, and which surmounted round, hairless, earless, noseless heads, with circular mouth and eyes. Bodies were painted with black and white, while round each waist hung a fringed kilt heavily hung with metal jingles. The feet were shod with typical Apache moccasin boots, and each hand bore a sword-like or a cross-like wand. Briskly making the circuit, they trotted out to the four directions, paid their respects to the four winds with a "ho ho ho," then turned back again to the circle.

All at once the music changed to a thrilling rhythmic dance tune, full of wild, wolf-like cries—and then began the most wonderful dance it has ever been my fortune to witness.

Gyrating and prancing, the dancing

figures went through the most strenuous movements, contortions, bendings, writhings; every man exactly in time, every step in unison. The great waving horns, the sweat-streaked, laboring, painted bodies, the violent clatter of the pendant sticks, seemed as if calculated to produce a terrifying effect. From somewhere appeared the little brown maiden in whose honor the dance was held, dressed in a beautiful suit of fringed buckskin, with a great disk of abalone shell pendant upon her breast, where also hung the little bone tube through which she must drink during this, her initiation into womanhood. With a companion, she joined the dance, moving about the fire inside the circle of horned figures, and there she kept it up, in her heavy buckskin costume, that hot July night, until a very late hour when all was over.



THE HINDIL, A POMO INDIAN DANCE IN 1946

By ADAN E. TREGANZA, EDITH S. TAYLOR,
AND WILLIAM J. WALLACE

THE aboriginal way of life is rapidly disappearing among the California Indians, although occasionally one may glimpse vestiges of it: an Indian woman may be seen weaving a basket or gathering acorns, a man may be observed catching fish at a woven fish-weir. Rarely, however, does one see a group of Indians participating in a native ceremonial such as the Pomo *Hindil*, or "old-time dance," described here. This dance was held at the Pomo reservation at Sulphur Bank, Clear Lake, California, in April 1946 in conjunction with a Confederated Indian Meeting. We were able to observe only the last night of a four-day ceremonial.

About dusk we arrived at Sulphur Bank and stopped about 400 yards from the Pomo reservation. We did not know the exact location of the dance, but from the general direction of the lake shore we heard dogs barking and the high pitched shouting of human voices. Following a reservation road toward the sounds, we approached a large wooden structure—the dance-house. Although it was now quite dark, we could distinguish a flagpole flying a black and white flag. The dance-house was a semi-subterranean structure (fig. 1); its roof was covered with shingles and the peak rose about 6 feet above the surface of the ground. A fire glowed from the tunnel-like entrance, which faced east. The passageway sloped gradually downward about 12 feet and led onto the level earthen floor inside. The room within was circular and about 60 feet in diameter; the walls were stone-lined halfway to the ceiling. The roof-beams were supported by one large center post and four smaller posts situated at intervals around the dance floor. The fire was built nearer to the entrance than to the back wall, consequently the square smoke-hole was not at the apex of the roof but was off-center several feet. The ventilation was good, however, for at no time during the night did anyone suffer from smoke.

About 150 people were present. All were Indians except ourselves and three other whites. The spectators occupied the peripheral area of the dance floor and sat either on boxes and benches or upon the straw-strewn floor. On each side of the entrance were about four benches built like bleachers in mounting tiers. These also were crowded with onlookers. The spectators ranged in age from infants, still in native cradles, to several aged people who had to be helped in and out of the pit.

A fire-tender stood by the door and frequently during the evening he brought in a large log and threw it on the fire. Between dances, he poked at the coals with a stick and the fire flared up, lighting the interior of the dance-house. At the back of the room, opposite the entrance, an area about 10 feet square was screened off with burlap sacking.

At the time we arrived, the dance was not in progress. A little before nine o'clock an older man addressed the group in English for about fifteen minutes, discussing plans for a picnic and meeting on the following day. The speaker concluded by

saying he supposed everyone had a lot of "stomping" he would like to do and invited everyone to enjoy himself at the dance. Three other men joined the speaker, and together they sat down on boxes just behind the fire and between the main center-post and the burlap enclosure. They sat with their backs toward the audience. When these men—who were to be the singers—were settled, an elderly man emerged from behind the burlap screen. He carried a large, oblong, wooden box containing the dance regalia, and, circling the fire twice, disappeared again behind the burlap. According to a neighbor-spectator, this act was to "purify" the costumes.

Suddenly one of the singers shook a long, split-stick rattle and the murmuring of the audience ceased. In unison the four men commenced to sing in a low tone, beating time with their split-stick rattles. Their chanting continued for about half an hour, during which time people entered and left the dance-pit. The songs were repetitious and ran in cycles. At intervals, however, the singers increased the tempo and volume of their songs. When the song reached its peak, three dancers filed out from behind the burlap screen. They were young boys, about fifteen years of age, barefoot, and were dressed in long underwear from the waist down. Their chests and backs were bare and without body paint. Their faces were partially hidden by long bands of red-shafted flicker feathers (see fig 2, left and central figures). The head-dresses were decorated with clam-shell disc beads, abalone pendants, and bits of bright red cloth. Each head-band was fastened to a net cap which fitted the head tightly, while both ends of each band were free and extended beyond the sides of the head. As each dancer moved, these ends waved back and forth. The dancers also wore makeshift breechclouts on the outside of the underwear. Over this were feathered skirts which hung down to their knees (fig. 2). These feathers were fastened to a wide mesh net. Each skirt was made up with feathers of a different species of bird: one of western red-tailed hawk, one of great-horned owl with a turkey-feather fringe at the bottom, and the third of California turkey vulture (buzzard) feathers.

With bare feet stamping the earthen floor the dancers began to move forward. Each boy danced, bending over slightly and clasping a feather with both hands. Attached by a string around each of their necks, hung bird-bone whistles. Though the beat of the rattles was fairly rapid, the forward progress of the dancers was slow. It took the three dancers about four minutes to move from the screen to a position between the singers and the fire. The boys were serious about their dancing and loudly stamped their bare feet upon the packed earth. Their lips, visible below the feathered bands, remained expressionless. The dancers paused for a moment, and the audience, which had made no outcry at their appearance, now shouted "Oh!" and "Bueno!" The head-singer again clacked his long rattle, and the boys resumed their dancing. This time they twisted their bodies and gestured with the feathers held in their hands. Several songs and dances followed, each seeming to vary but little from the others. With each song, however, the tempo increased, the dancers gesticulated more emphatically, and the singers occasionally shouted. This entire dance cycle lasted for about fifteen minutes. Perspiration dripped from the boys' bodies as the pace increased. Presently, about six or eight women and girls from the audience left their seats and joined the dancers, forming a line between the boys and the singers. They were not in costume, but wore their ordinary cotton dresses. Each woman held her handkerchief, folded into a triangle, in front of her body. The women danced in unison, taking four steps to the left and then back again, meanwhile seesawing the cloths held in their hands. The boys, also in time with the beat, danced and followed one another in an elliptical circle.

The dull but loud thump-thump-thump of the foot-drum hidden behind the burlap screen was now heard for the first time. Occasionally a woman would rise up in the audience, toss a handful of coins toward the dancers, and then join the half-circle of women. Some women danced only a few minutes and returned among the spectators, while others remained for the whole dance cycle.

During the course of one dance cycle the three dancers turned toward the women, put bird-bone whistles in their

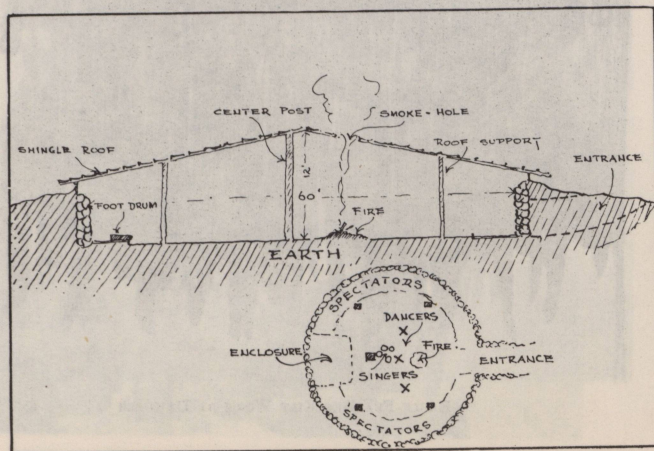


FIG. 1—Pomo Dance-house at Sulphur Bank

mouths, and again faced the audience. Differently pitched, the whistles were blown together in time with the foot-drum and the split-stick rattles. The sound was monotonous and throbbing.

About half-past nine o'clock the first group of dances was over. The dancers retired behind the screen, the women resumed their places among the spectators, and a jug of water was passed among the singers while the chief singer picked up from the floor the money which had been cast out during the ceremony. The spectators shouted their approval and a hum of conversation began as the people resumed their chatting.

The intermission lasted about half an hour. Following this period of relaxation, the singers snapped their rattles and commenced to chant again. Two new dancers, older boys, about eighteen or twenty years of age, appeared. Their costumes were the same as those worn earlier. This dance and song cycle was like the first and lasted until about half past eleven. Again there was a half-hour intermission.

By midnight some of the very old people had left. Those remaining were lying on the straw. The younger children, snuggled together in heaps of four or five, were all fast asleep. Conversation dwindled and a drowsy lull settled over the dance-pit. The fire, now a heaped-up bed of coals about four feet in diameter, kept the room warm.

The fire-tender dragged in a fresh log and again stirred the coals into bright flames. The singers roused themselves and with a shout and a clap of the rattles, a new song cycle began. The children slept on, but the older people sat up and resumed their interest in the dance, and at the conclusion of each song shouted "Oh!" and "Bueno!" Now the songs became more spirited and occasionally one of the singers broke out into a falsetto solo. After a half-hour of song a single dancer appeared. He was a heavy-set man of about forty-five years. Slowly entering the dance floor and as if searching for some obscure thing, he peered out over the audience. Then he turned and stared at the singers. His actions were deliberate and exaggerated as in a pantomime. Though his eyes were hidden by the feathered headband, he examined each singer's face, and like a curious bird, cocked his head from side to side. There was no response from the singers or the audience. It was as if this dancer were not there.

With a new song, a second dancer appeared. He, too, was an elderly man and dressed in the usual dance regalia. His entrance was more direct and he was closely followed by a third man. This last dancer was tall and thin. His costume



FIG. 2—Pomo Hindil Dancers

differed somewhat from the others in that he wore a colored cloth dance-skirt and a much larger feathered headdress (see fig. 2, figure on extreme right). His skirt was decorated with clam-shell discs, triangles of abalone, and dyed porcupine quills. Over this, he too wore a netted feather skirt. His headdress consisted of six long radiating feathered shafts. A cap of eagle-down feathers covered his head. In addition he wore brightly colored cords criss-crossing his chest.

The dances followed about the same routine as the others, but were more intense. The response from the dancers, the

singers, and the audience was more vehement. When some women rose to dance, several men shouted "More muheli! More muheli!" The tempo was faster, stronger. Beads of perspiration glistened upon the dancers' bodies as they stamped the earth with their bare feet. The heavy-set man, laboring heavily, grunted as he danced. The tall dancer's lips and arms quivered. The men blew loudly on their double bird-bone whistles as they neared the climax. It was some time after three o'clock in the morning before the ceremony reached its climax and the dancing finally stopped. Again the women disappeared into the audience, the male dancers retired behind the burlap, and the water-jug was passed among the singers.

We were told that the dance would be resumed about an hour before dawn and continue until sunrise, so we left to sleep for a while. Unfortunately our information was misleading, because we were greeted, not with songs, but with snores, when we returned to the house about five o'clock. The fire, which had been neglected for some time, glowed dimly, the fire-tender was asleep on the floor. The singers, hunched over in sleep, were still sitting on their boxes and the spectators, deep in the sleep of exhaustion, were sprawled out over the dance-floor. This was the end of a four-day ceremony.

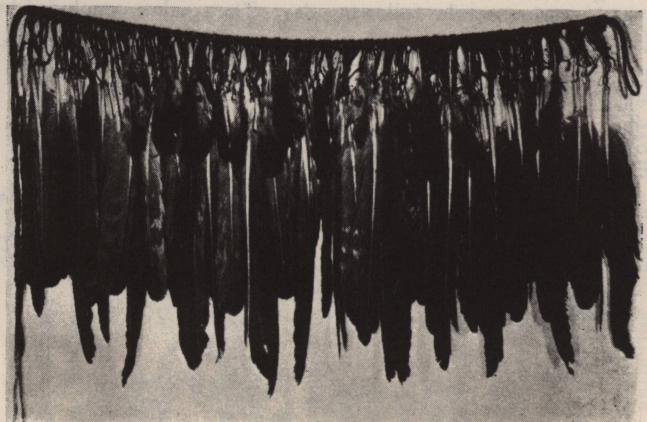
The elements observed in the ceremony indicate that the dance is a composite—a basic Pomo religious dance, modified by successive central Californian religious developments. In its structure the ceremony is essentially that of the early Kuksu, or God Impersonating cult, indigenous to the Pomo and adjacent tribes.² Additions, such as the flag and the huge headdress, stem from later ceremonies such as the Ghost Dance of 1870³ and the Patwin Hesi cults.⁴

The Hindil dance of today has lost some of its former religious significance and has taken on new associations. The function of the dance we observed was to bring people together to discuss the problems of the California Indians, particularly their relationship with the United States Government. While the dance was in progress the participants and onlookers, however, seemed to experience some of the religious ecstasy that must have characterized the dance in aboriginal days.

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University of California, Berkeley
Indiana University, Bloomington



—EAGLE-FEATHER KILT WORN BY DANCERS

KACHINA DOLLS

By BERTHA PARKER CODY

FOR his children the Hopi Indian manufactures fascinating and colorful dolls by which they are taught the meaning and symbolism of their tribal gods and the mythology concerning them.

Residing in northeastern Arizona, the Hopi are one of the most picturesque groups of our American Indian tribes. Living in ancient storied stone houses, much as they did hundreds of years ago, perched on three widely separated mesas overlooking the Painted Desert, they call themselves the "Peaceful People." They have an astonishing richness of religious ceremonies, having preserved many rites of their ancient worship to the present time.

Strange to relate, the Peaceful People's principal occupation is farming, which is surprising when one considers that the surrounding country is barren and dry, the permanent springs small and weak, and the rainfall very limited. It is only natural therefore that the Hopi has evolved a ritual which is centered about an attempt to live in harmony with the supernatural beings whom he believes control the rains and the development of his crops. Therefore altars are erected, traditional songs are sung, and sacred dances held for rain, in order that the crops may germinate and yield abundant harvests.

Kachinas, or masked dancers, representing supernatural ancestral gods, who, the Hopi believe, lived at one time in a water world under the earth, participate in elaborate ceremonial dances that are held at various times between the months of January and July. This Kachina order, which centers about clans or fraternities into which the whole tribe is divided, forms fully half of the ceremonial life of the Peaceful People.

A great carnival and farewell ceremony is celebrated when the Kachinas depart in July for their ancestral underground home, and on the morning of this day, masked dancers pre-

sent to the little girls quaint wooden dolls, miniature representations of the Kachinas. These dolls are made in underground ceremonial rooms, or kivas; they have been carved in

true archaic fashion from the soft cottonwood tree root, the art of woodcarving being a very ancient one among the Hopi.

The most important details of carving are always found upon the faces of these dolls, care being taken to delineate them to express appropriate characteristics. Careful attention is given to the coloration and costume, but very often the body is a conventionalized figure with no attempt to indicate details of anatomy.

The dolls are painted with brushes made from small strips of yucca leaf, the ends of which have been frayed by chewing, while the foundation color is applied by spraying upon the object from the mouth. The latter method is almost a general practice in the painting of dance objects.

The five colors used in painting or staining the dolls are obtained from vegetal and mineral dyes — green commonly being made from malachite or some copper carbonate; corn-smut and pounded shale furnish the fine black pigment; kaolin (white clay) is used for the white; the dark reds are obtained from pulverized iron ore, or hematite, and the yellow from ochre.

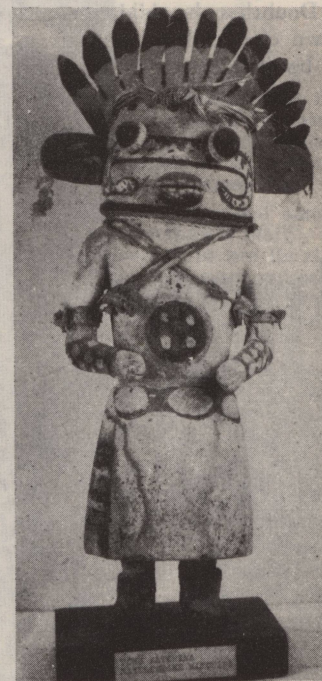
Symbols form an important element as foundation decorations and are represented chiefly by conventionalized rain-clouds, falling rain, growing corn, squash blossoms, and the like. Likewise colors play an important part in Hopi ritual, for they not only designate the cardinal points, but have symbolic significance, red meaning strength, success or war, while blue or green usually indicates rain. The symbolic representations are identical in meaning wherever found in Hopi culture.

When the details of carving and painting are finished, the dolls are embellished with downy feathers, bits of cloth, shells, and deerskin, and placed on an altar in the kiva and sprinkled with sacred corn-meal. There is no feeling of veneration connected in the minds of the Indians with the images made for the children.

The priests do, however, make special dolls for women desiring children. The image is carved to represent a boy or a girl and is placed with the ceremonial objects in the home. When the child desired has come into being, this doll is considered its heart, and is not to be parted with lest the baby sicken and die.

Then, too, there is another type of painted doll which is made for eaglet graves. The Hopi have supreme faith in the transmittal of prayers to the gods that control the elements, through the fluffy down of the eagle. Therefore they capture the baby eagles, denude them of their feathers, ceremoniously kill them by pressure on their breastbone in order that no blood may be shed, then bury them in a special eagle cemetery.

When the great farewell day of the Kachinas arrives in July, the women are given their special dolls and are happy in their expectancy, the eaglet graves are adorned with small painted dolls, and the children are presented their miniature Kachina dolls.



Rattlesnake (*Chua*) Kachina Doll
in Southwest Museum



A Kachina Dance in a Hopi Pueblo. (Photo. by P. G. Gates)

Each doll has a name and its own particular style of costuming and coloring, and in playing with these miniature representations of tribal gods, the children learn the legends pertaining to them and the part each performs in the Kachina dances.

Thus through this primitive kindergarten system the Hopi children are prepared for the time when they are initiated into the great Kachina order, at the tender age of six or seven years, and will be able to participate as masked dancers in the ancient rituals through which they give thanks in their poetic manner for the material blessings they derive from Mother Nature and all the gods of the elements.

Doubtless the children eagerly await the moment when the town crier calls at dawn from a housetop the prayer which so beautifully symbolizes their rituals:

Oh people awake, open your eyes, arise,
Become Talahoyo (child of light), vigorous, active, sprightly.
Hasten clouds from the four world-quarters;
Come snow in plenty, that water may be abundant when summer comes.

Come ice and cover the fields, that after planting they may yield abundantly.

Let all hearts be glad.

The knowing ones will assemble in four days;

They will encircle the village dancing and singing . . .

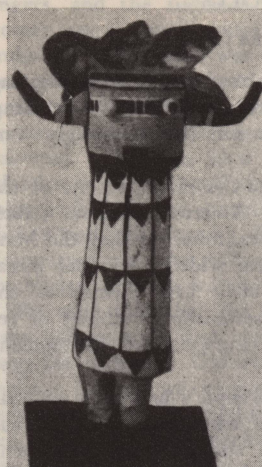
That moisture may come in abundance.¹



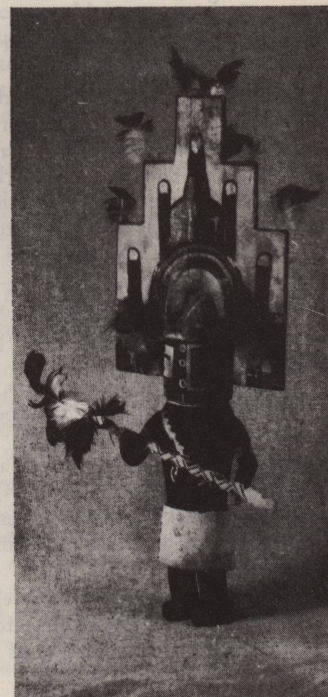
Riley Quoyavema, Hopi Indian, repairing a Kachina doll at the Southwest Museum

Note: Southwest Museum now has on exhibition as one of its feature winter attractions, a display of one hundred and thirty-seven Hopi Kachina dolls representing many tribal deities, and also numerous watercolor paintings of sacred Pueblo personages by native artists.

¹ As recorded by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes in his Tusayan Ritual.



Eagle Kachina Doll



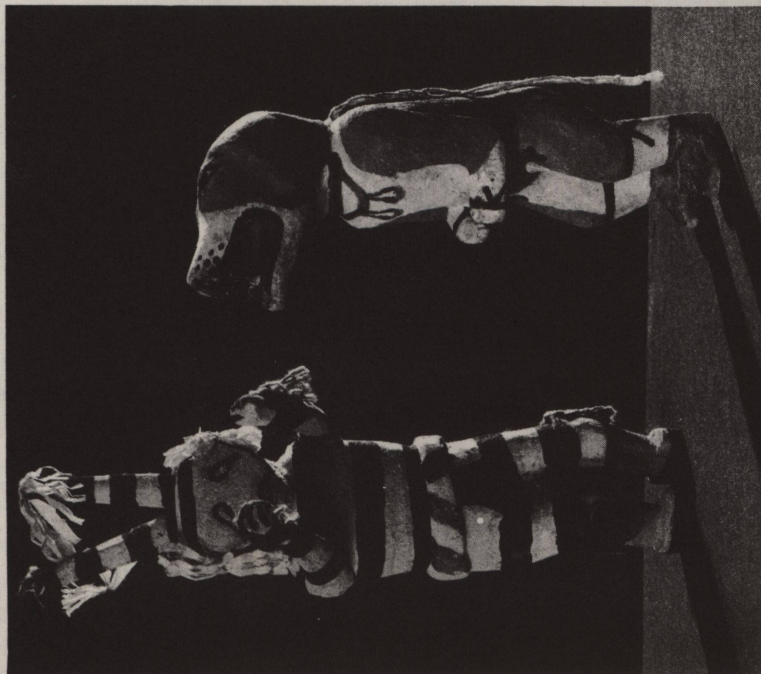
Lightning Kachina Doll.
The wand represents
a shaft of lightning



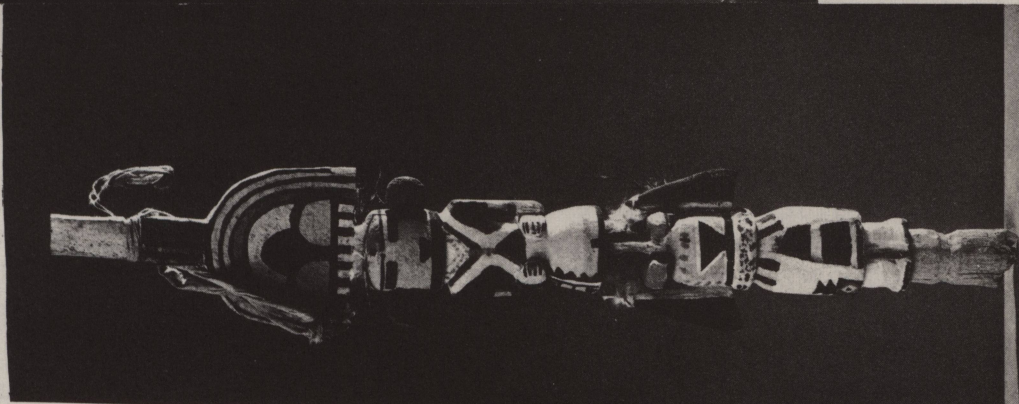
HOPi KACHINA DOLL REPRESENTING THE DOLICHOMOVI SACRED PERSONAGE.

PLATE VI.

Paiakyamu, the glutton,
and Dog Kachina Dancer.

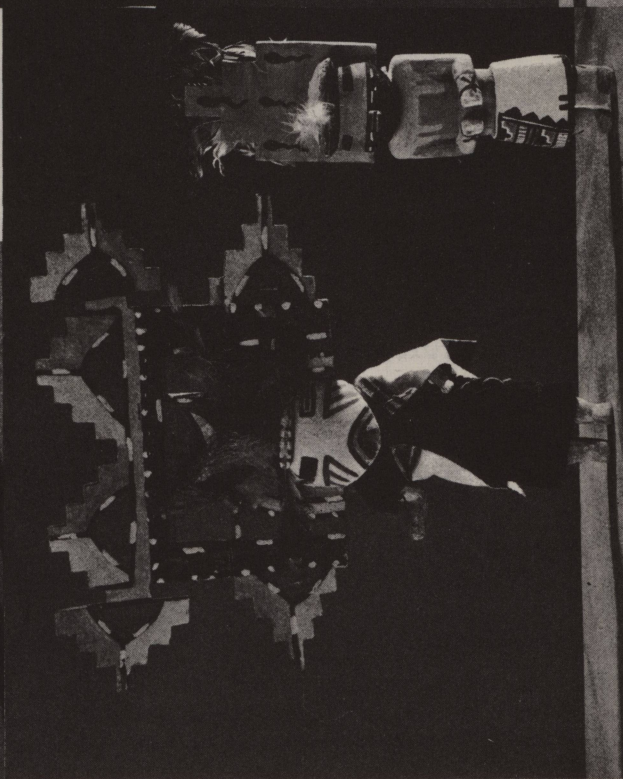


Kutka Natake, the White Monster.



Sio, with Rainbow, Clouds and Rain, standing
on the head of Tumas, Mistress of
Purificatory rites.

University Museum Philadelphia



Shalako
Mana the
Corn
Maid of
the Sky,
and Sio,
the Sky-
bird Ka-
china
from Zu-
ni.

CONTEST

Our contest is still going but not very many readers are attempting to win the prizes. We have received exactly five entries so far, not a very good showing considering that the prize is certainly worth while. First prize, a catlinite pipe with a quilled stem; second prize a pair of ribbon appliqued strips.

The contest is for any item we can use in the magazine on crafts, dances, stories of events or people, dance groups etc. Please mark all entries; CONTEST. Deadline for entries is March 1st. Better get on the ball and send yours in today, its worth a try.

Besides the two prizes all other entries used will receive a years subscription to the magazine. We also want photos and will give a years subscription to any photo used.

Don't be surprised if we run a few more articles on the Indians of the North West Coast in future issues. We have had several requests from various groups around the country for further information on this group, from such scattered places as New York, Oregon, Texas and Ohio as well as California. Besides your editor is busy trying to build up a N.W. Dance group locally and is in this Coast stuff up to his neck. It can be really interesting if you will give it a try;

We received quite a few letters regards the Monthly Versus Bi-Monthly issue. By far the majority of readers were willing to go along with the bi-monthly set-up so we are going to give it a try. Believe me it will make it easier on the editor. Sorry for those of you who want it every month. If we get too many objections we can always go back to the monthly again.

CREDITS

The editor wants to apologize for the lack of original material in this issue, it takes more time than most of you realize to run a magazine and I'm afraid I just don't have it. Time that is.

All of the material in this issue unless otherwise noted is reprinted from back issues of the Masterkey magazine courtesy of the Southwest Museum. I hope you will find the material of value.

Thanks are due to Gene Fallwell for the Jemez Buffalo Dance article, its one of a series Gene has drawn up for his Teal Wing Dance group.

Thanks also to Don McQuade for the photo of our NAIDA pow-wow.

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Norman Feder - Editor & Publisher